

CRIPPLES ALMOST IN TEARS AT BEING IDLE

Meyers, Merkle and Snodgrass
Gloom When They Find They
Must Be Spectators.

CONNOLLY HAS HARD DAY

Refuses to Favor Team of His
Own League and Fans Hoot
Honest Decisions.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 8.—The Giants, after arriving here at 10 o'clock last night, went to bed for much needed rest. They had breakfast early and lunched around the Hotel Maestri discussing the outlook for today's game. Rain fell during the night and early this morning a downpour was so heavy that the grounds were soggy and the wet fog hung over the city. Merkle, who twisted his leg in yesterday's game, walked with a perceptible limp. He said that his limb was very painful, and it was a foregone conclusion early in the day that he would be unable to take part in the struggle.

"I'll go to the field and put on a uniform anyway," said Merkle, "and if I can stand the strain I'll start. It's pretty tough to keep out of this series when we have been fighting all season to get into it. Maybe a day's rest will put me all right so that I can play to-morrow."

Snodgrass, also hobbling around the hotel corridor, declared that he was ready to fill Merkle's place, no matter what might happen.

"I can't be any worse off than I am now," said Snodgrass, "and I might just as well take a chance. Perhaps the stiffness will go out of my leg after I have moved around a little. Did you ever see a tough luck as we are in? Who is the pin?"

Rube Marquard, who flinched in yesterday's game, was in bright spirits in spite of his distressing setback. He stated that something had been done to ease his leg, and he was confident that he would be able to come back to his own team when McGraw pitted him against the Athletics.

Arriving at the park two hours before the game, the covered stands were practically empty, while the open bleachers and house-tops were black with humanity. A band played lively music to entertain the early birds and at 12:30 o'clock the Mackmen in snow white uniforms came out upon the soggy turf to go through their practice stunts. Over here the Athletics owned the town. The moment they appeared from their victory in New York they were lionized. Forty camera men surrounded them and snapped them in all kinds of positions.

Mack arrived about this time in an automobile and fairly ran away from crazy fans who wanted to shake him by the hand. The Sun man layd the tail manager just as he was about to drive through the private entrance.

"Will you win the series?" asked the scribe.

"I don't think it will rain," retorted Mack with a grin.

"Who will pitch to-day?" was the next query.

"How do I know?" replied Connie. "I haven't seen how the boys look yet. You know somebody might have a headache or a pain in the stomach. Ball players are only human, after all."

"Well, have you anything to say?" asked the reporter.

"I hear some of the Giants are crippled," was the response. "I'm sorry to learn it. I'd like to beat their best team if I could. Who will pitch for them to-day? You know."

"Ask something easier," said the writer as the famous field marshal, still grinning, closed the door behind him.

Ten minutes after the Athletics had come out to the field, McGraw stood at the bat to fill up a faint cheer greeted the arrival of the husky Giants clad in their gray travelling uniforms. McGraw led them into the field and quickly the team began passing the ball back and forth to limber up. Both Merkle and Snodgrass were in uniform and the crowd eyed them curiously.

In a few moments the Chalmers automobile was presented to Walter Johnson of the Washingtons was driven through a gate to the home plate and there Johnson, posing with the committee which had presented the machine to him because of his splendid pitching this year, got into the moving picture. Johnson evidently felt happy, for he shook hands with everybody, both Giants and Athletics, after which he hopped into the car and told the chauffeur to drive to the nearest garage.

After the Athletics had indulged in crack practice the Giants took a crack at the ball. McGraw assigned his young left handers Hearne and Schupp to the box, evidently believing that Mack's noted southpaw, Eddie Plank, would face the Giants later on.

When the Giants took the field for practice Merkle was stationed at first base. He bravely tried to go through the motions, picking up several ground balls and catching a few of the swift throws, but his limp was like an anchor and he moved about in such pain that McGraw finally concluded that he wouldn't do.

Snodgrass was sent to the post, and in practice he looked somewhat better, although, like Merkle, he had a leg that weighed a ton.

After five minutes of snappy work Snodgrass gave way to Witte, good old Hooks, the veteran southpaw pitcher, who in some of the regular games last week displayed unexpected ability to cover the bag.

It was at this juncture that Chief Meyers met with the accident that probably put him out of the rest of the series. When the Giants saw their great catcher dangling his legs from the grandstand, they threw down their gloves and hurried to his side. Meyers is popular here, and even the rabid fans said it was too bad when he walked sorrowfully away to find a surgeon.

The sun was trying to come out now and a game was a certainty, although the crowd had been advised by the men with megaphones to keep their rain checks in case of a postponement. A rattling cheer went up when the Athletics ran out for field practice and the crowd looked upon them with evident pride as they made impossible stops and catches and also from the ball around the diamond like expert sharpshooters.

"Who will pitch?" That was the question heard on all sides, and it was a real question too. McGraw had it was a long drive on which Snodgrass might have scored, but instead he hobbled around as if he needed a crutch and when he reached the bag he writhed in agony. Matty took second on the throw to catch Snodgrass at third and the latter was completely done for. McGraw called time and substituted Witte to run for the crippled Giant; also to play first base thereafter.

It looked like a New York run for a moment but Plank, turning on extra speed, puzzled Herzog so that he tapped the ball to the pitcher, who deftly hurried it to Lapp. Witte was on the way home when Lapp caught the ball and the latter, to make sure of a putout, chased Hooks almost to the third corner before he touched him on the back. Matty, of course, had reached third and Herzog had skipped around to second on this putout, so that when Doyle came up the New Yorkers were shouting: "Now, Larry, pickie it off and send the runners home."

Plank did some superb pitching right here. He had three balls called with no

SNAPPED THROUGH HEAVY GRAY MIST AT QUAKER BASEBALL PARK



Gov. John Tener of Pennsylvania, once a fine pitcher for the Chicago club under Manager Anson.

man upon whom New York's hopes were pinned.

Plank was Mack's selection, and when the four umpires came out to the home plate the crowd was ready for action. Connolly was assigned to call balls and strikes, with Higley of the National League making the decisions on the bases. Klen was stationed near the left field foul flag and Egan at the end of the right field foul line.

The batteries and the changes in the Giants' lineup were announced in clear tones by the megaphone man, in striking contrast to the methods that prevailed in New York yesterday, and at exactly 2 o'clock Connolly called play, with the Athletics in the field.

Plank demonstrated that he had his speed and curves with him. He retired the first three Giants on whom pitched balls and the rooters howled in approval. The howling continued when the Athletics went to the bat for their half, for the fans expected to see Mathewson annihilated. Matty received a round of generous applause as he walked to the box looking the picture of confidence. The first ball he delivered to Eddie Murphy was several inches outside of Murphy's plate. The second ball was fast and Connolly called a strike. The third ball was a slow curve over the heart of the plate and another strike was called. Murphy refused to swing at the fourth ball, which was high, but the fifth he whacked on the ground straight at Larry Doyle, who made a sorry fumble. Nothing daunted, Matty pitched a strike in rapid succession to Oldring, who smashed the ball into left field for a clean single, Murphy pulling up at second. You should have heard the roar that followed. All around the field the fans were waving hats and umbrellas, cocksure that a run would be scored, and when Collins laid down a perfect bunt, sacrificing the runners along, there was another terrific outburst.

"Here he comes, here is Home Run Baker!" shrieked the fans. "Knock it over the fence, Plank, Matty's easy!" And what happened? Sir Christopher curved the first ball in close to Baker and he dodged it. It was a ball. The second one was fouled into the upper tier, a strike. The third ball resulted in another lofty foul. Two strikes! And what happened? The fourth ball was a curve, cocksure that a run would be scored, and when Collins laid down a perfect bunt, sacrificing the runners along, there was another terrific outburst.

The retirement of the home run marvel in such ignominious style, from a Quaker's standpoint, was a blow to the followers of the Mackmen, for a ray of hope for the New York contingent. It proved that Matty had his head with him and that he wasn't going to be such an easy mark after all. McInnis closed the inning with a long liner that Burns caught in deep left field.

Plank had blinding speed in the second inning. He pitched twelve balls, striking out Burns and Murray, and then he raised a fly to Eddie Murphy. On top of this came an exhibition of legerdemain which further convinced the crowd that the big fellow had something left after all. Matty pitched seven balls and retired the side. Three of them settled Strunk, one put an end to Barry and Lapp struck at three in succession, the first a fast curve, the second a fast, swinging slow ball on the inside corner and the third a wide shoot which the batsman tried vainly to reach.

Snodgrass had to retire in the Giants' third inning. With McLean on the way home he pounded a single over third base which ordinarily would have yielded two bases, but Snodgrass was so lame that he barely reached first. Up came Matty, friend and foe alike applauding him heartily, and with the count two and two he smashed a blazing base hit to left centre. It was a long drive on which Snodgrass might have scored, but instead he hobbled around as if he needed a crutch and when he reached the bag he writhed in agony. Matty took second on the throw to catch Snodgrass at third and the latter was completely done for. McGraw called time and substituted Witte to run for the crippled Giant; also to play first base thereafter.



The studios, catwren countenance of Connie Mack. Note his fingers, pencil and score card. It is said that he directs his team by signals with the score card and pencil.

RECEIPTS FALL BELOW RECORD OF LAST YEAR

Yesterday's Official Count.	
Total attendance, 20,563.	
Total receipts, \$49,640.	
To National Commission (10 per cent.)	\$4,964.00
To players (60 per cent. of remainder)	26,805.60
To each club (half of remainder)	8,935.20
Figures on First Two Games.	
Total attendance, 56,854.	
Total receipts, \$124,895.50.	
To National Commission	\$12,489.55
To players	67,443.57
To each club	22,481.19
First Two of Last Year.	
Total attendance, 65,870.	
Total receipts, \$133,496.	
To National Commission	\$13,349.60
To players	72,067.84
To each club	24,029.28

strikes on Doyle and the crowd believed that he intended to walk the Giants' captain purposely. But such was not the pitcher's plan. The fourth ball skimmed over the plate so swiftly that it looked like a pea. Connolly called it a strike. Over came another, a curve, for the second strike and then Plank, changing his pace, served up a slow one which Doyle met with all his might, only to raise a cloud scraping drive which settled into the waiting paws of Eddie Murphy. Great cheering.

Matty pitched only five balls to settle the Athletics in their half of the third. Witte playing first base. When Plank came up as a starter he was received with wild acclaim. He grounded the first ball to Doyle and was an easy victim. Eddie Murphy bunted the first one and Matty tossed him out, while Oldring also hit at the first ball, shot it to Herzog, who passed the pill over to Witte with unerring aim. Plank pitched ten balls in the Giants' fourth inning, Burns getting the second time on three successive speedy shots. Shafer, who got a life on Baker's low throw, decided to test Lapp's throwing arm, with the result that he was pegged out with plenty to spare.

Mack sent Chief Bender to the coaching lines when the Athletics took their fourth turn at the bat. Bender's duty was to detect the signs if possible, at which he is an adept. But in spite of close scrutiny the Redskin, who kept on the job the rest of the afternoon, evidently failed to get a line on the mysterious signs. At this period Doyle possibly saved a run when with two on bases and two out he nailed a sharp drive from Barry's bat just behind second base and touched the bag in time to force Strunk.

Big McLean made the third hit off Plank in the Giants' fifth inning with one out, and after Witte had fanned Matty received a base on balls. Matty, however, should have been retired on a foul ball which McInnis dropped, although Collins could have caught it easily.

George Burns covered himself with glory in the Athletics' fifth. Plank had singled with one down, when Eddie Murphy caught a slow curve on the end of his bat and sent it whizzing into left field. It looked like a sure base hit, if not a

double, and up leaped the crowd shouting like madmen. In rushed Burns at top speed with outstretched arms, apparently taking off the pitcher in ten at catching the ball. He reached low as he neared the leather and the ball struck in his hands on a level with his knees. If this ball had been safe the Giants might have been a contender, but as it was the catch saved the Giants for the next moment Plank was forced.

Plank delivered eight balls in the Giants' sixth and another zero was hung up. Then came a series for Umpire Connolly from the Quaker fans, who thought he had made an unfair ruling. The first ball Matty pitched Collins bunted. It was a short little fly that fell just inside the foul line midway between the plate and third base, but it bounded into foul ground just as Herzog slapped his glove upon it. Collins raced to first believing that he had beaten out the hit, but Connolly promptly called the hit a foul.

"Robber, robber, robber!" shrieked the partisan fans, many of whom hung over the grand stand and shook their fists at the Athletics. A crowd of thousands of throats as Collins, with a sour expression, walked back to the plate and glared at the umpire. The Columbia graduate evidently had lost his temper, for the next moment he fanned on a beautiful fadeaway, the crowd again hooting Mr. Connolly, who took his medicine with a grim smile, being used to that sort of thing, which is the lot of every umpire. The mighty Baker, after fouling the first two balls, belted a seething smash that was headed for centre field. The ball whizzed over second base. Fletcher stopped it with his gloved hand while on the dead run and snapped it to Witte for a putout that made McGraw come out from the bench and clap his hands. Just to show that he was still the master of the situation Matty struck Connolly with a fast curve, which he caught on the spot.

"All New York stand up!" yelled the Gothamites as the seventh inning opened. Not a Quaker arose, who perhaps 2,000 Giant rooters stood and howled. Shafer and Murray had been suppressed when Oldring backed almost to the bleachers in left field and pulled down a tremendous drive from McLean's war club, a catch that probably deprived long Larry of a home run, for, had the ball got away from Oldring, it would have bounded among the spectators.

"All up, all up, lucky seventh!" was the cry when the Athletics took their turn. The first ball that Matty served was struck on the trade mark by Strunk. It was another dangerous liner that traveled not higher than six feet from the ground in the direction of George Burns, but again the Giant left fielder, sprinting forward, made another wonderful catch, almost off his shoelaces. Herzog, too, by firing Barry on a brilliant stop, whereupon Lapp scratched a hit past Witte. It amounted to nothing, however, for Plank soaked a solid liner which Fletcher caught beautifully.

"They hit Matty hard that time," said the wisecracks, but he got great support. The Athletics will take his measure now very soon.

In the Giants' eighth, with Centre out, Eddie Murphy rallied Burns by making a fair raising catch off Mathewson. First ball being a strike, and when Sir Christopher gathered a sharp lopper on the next delivery, throwing Murphy out, the inning was over and McGraw fairly hugged Witte and Matty as they reached the bench.

Then came the Giants' tenth, the concerted rally upon Plank, with Matty himself as the central figure, three runs and—since the New York veteran continued invincible in the final half-victory.

Witte being run down by Lapp in the third inning just as Matty reaches third base. Witte ran for Snodgrass and was trapped when Herzog tapped to Plank. McCormick is the catcher.

draw the conclusion that Plank gradually was losing his grip.

The Athletics' turn was a heartbreaker for local fandom. Eddie Murphy and Oldring had been snuffed out, the former on a rattling one hand stop by Witte back of first base, and Collins punched a corking single to left.

"Oh, you Baker!" cried the crowd. "Over the fence, hit it a mile!"

Baker didn't hit it a mile, but he drove the ball at least a furlong, more or less, into left field for another clean single and the crowd made a awful din.

"Matty is weakening!" was the cry on every hand. "He's shot his bolt! He's up in the air! Now, Stuff, send them both in, send them both in!"

Mr. McInnis, or rather Stuff, looked dangerous as he toed the plate, but Matty was cooler than before. He curved a wide one outside the plate, but the second one over for a strike and then lobbed a slow high ball and rather wide. Stuff smote it with all his might, but he didn't land squarely. The result was a grounder squarely at Herzog, who stopped it neatly and laughingly pounded the base with the ball, forcing Collins, who threw his hat on the ground in a rage.

The excitement was at fever heat when the Giants went to the bat for the ninth time. The oldest fans could not recall a more bitter fight. It was simply a question of endurance on the part of the pitchers. Plank's speed seemed to be leaving him slowly but surely. Strunk retired Doyle on a fierce liner, for which he did not have to move a step. With two strikes and a ball Fletcher made the fourth hit off Plank, a rattling single to centre. Plank was so wild at this stage of the proceedings that he nearly decapitated Burns with the first ball. The plan was to catch Fletcher stealing, but Fletcher refused to start, and Plank passed Burns. The \$10,000 infield charged around Plank and told him to brace up. The veteran southpaw finally wriggled out of the predicament when the next two men went out on two fly balls, the crowd, clearly nervous, shrieking for joy.

Then came the Athletics' ninth, and it was a wonder. As Strunk opened it with a single to centre, which was the seventh hit off Matty, the cry again was heard:

"Matty's gone! It's all over; he can't stand it any longer!"

Mack had ordered his men to hit the first good ball that came over the plate. Barry was told to bunt. His first attempt on the first ball was a little foul fly that McLean could not reach. The second ball he bunted past Matty and would have been safe anyway, but Larry Doyle, taking a desperate chance, threw the pill past Witte to the iron fence in front of the right field pavilion. Strunk scooted around to third and Barry to second on this error. Strunk might have scored by a close margin if Harry Davis, who was coaching, had sent him in, but Davis, playing it safe, grabbed Strunk and sent him back to the bag.

Men on second and third and nobody out! It looked as if the game was over. Hundreds of spectators got up and started from their seats, the rest of the crowd cheering, ringing bells, blowing horns and singing ballads in a premature celebration of what looked like a certain victory. Lapp, a good hitter, came up to settle the controversy. Matty eyed him coldly.

Sir Christopher was the nerviest man on the field. He took plenty of time. The first ball was outside of the plate and Lapp let it go. The second ball was a curve with medium speed, and Lapp, possibly over-anxious, twisted it toward Witte. It was just an easy grounder and in rushed Strunk, who had started before the ball was hit. Perhaps the Athletics thought Witte was a joke as a first baseman, but Hooks was there with a neat stop and a splendid throw to the catcher, which retired Strunk amid the wildest excitement.

Connolly made his decision quickly and American League fans groaned. Perhaps some of them wanted a shade, but Connolly wasn't built that way and ruled according to his best judgment. That made only one out with Barry on third and Lapp on first.

"Put in Harry Davis to hit," exclaimed the grand stand managers. "Send up Dan Murphy. Old man Plank can't do anything; he is tired out."

Mack probably felt that he couldn't lose the game and that Plank, who is a pretty big hitter, would turn the trick, thereby winning his own game. If Plank had made a base hit Mack's decision would have been justified. But as Plank failed Mack was blamed. Plank's best effort was another grounder to Witte on the second ball pitched, which Hooks hurled to McLean and Barry was caught in a runup. It remained for Matty to receive the final throw which resulted in Barry's extinction a yard from the plate.

Still Lapp had reached third and there was just one more chance to win the game. Eddie Murphy therefore found himself the cynosure of all eyes. Matty suddenly developed blinding speed, the first ball being a strike, and when Sir Christopher gathered a sharp lopper on the next delivery, throwing Murphy out, the inning was over and McGraw fairly hugged Witte and Matty as they reached the bench.

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B. Altman & Co.

announce that owing to the death of

Mr. Benjamin Altman

the store will be closed until Saturday morning.

SCOREBOARD CROWD HEARD IF NOT SEEN

Souplike Mist Envelops Throng Watching Big Game From "Sun" Scoreboard.

RED SWEATER GIRL THERE

She Joins in General Enthusiasm and Sticks Until Last Man Goes Out.

Those adventurous hillmen living above the timber line of Mount Woolworth, or some place higher than the twentieth floor, couldn't see the City Hall Plaza yesterday afternoon because of a mist like a thick soup that hid almost two-thirds of the white peaks, but once the 10,000 or so fans watching The Sun's automatic scoreboard began to let loose there wasn't an office renter up in the mists but must have known that the rock ribbed and slightly nutty isle of Manhattan could be heard, if not seen.

Shortly before 2 o'clock the mob began to gather, or almost an hour later than on the previous afternoon. The delay in getting to Park Row, the plaza and the gate at the mouth of Nassau street was explained by comparatively latecomers on the score that they didn't think there was going to be any game. When the little white ball that skims over the green score board so merrily had slipped around the green board for the last time, however, the doubters of an earlier hour were quite willing to admit without fear of successful contradiction that a game had been played, and that it was some game.

Doubtless if the feeling had not been pretty generally distributed that weather conditions made a game in Philadelphia impossible the crowd of yesterday would have equalled that of the day before in front of Turf Star's hotel. But even as it was yesterday there was a jam which if set down permanently some place in Oklahoma, say, would immediately cause the local Congressmen to get an appropriation for a \$5,000,000 post office building of red, white and blue marble surrounded by a green and gold dome.

The Girl in the Red Sweater came early and held down her particular stretch of asphalt unobtrusively until the damp but ecstatic finish. Even when it looked as if the world were coming to an end in the Athletics' half of the ninth and the rain chose this delicious moment to take a fresh grip on itself and wallop the crowd out on top.

Electric Show 1913

Purchasers or prospective purchasers of electric automobiles will find an excellent opportunity to study them in careful detail at the approaching Electric Show in the Grand Central Palace from October 15th to the 25th. The machines may be seen in actual operation on the indoor track, and lessons in care, operation and maintenance will be given without cost.

One new model—an excellent type of electric coupe or brougham—will be shown, costing as little as \$1990; another—a serviceable and convenient roadster—will cost \$1885. If informed in advance, a representative will be present to aid in passing quickly and conveniently through the exhibits for the purpose of studying the various types on display.

A second edition of "The Edison Blue Book," showing garages and charging points within a radius of one hundred miles of New York City, will be issued during the Show. It is urged that all conducting garages in which electric vehicles for either business or pleasure are cared for and charging facilities are furnished shall advise us at once, that this information may be in the most complete form practicable.

It will thus become available to the public and should still further aid in making the electric not only the cheapest but the most convenient car for the New York service.

The New York Edison Company
55 Duane Street